THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 5, 1807.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

HISTORY *of* TIMOTHY TRICK'EM.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is really a hard case, that a man of *parts* should walk in the gloom of a dark lanthorn, when he might blaze like a bonfire! and all for want of a friend who would cordially take him by the hand, and point out the proper sphere for a first rate genius to shine in. This is exactly my situation; and in order to emerge from my present obscurity, mean through the medium of your agreeable periodical publication, to endeavour at removing the mist which has so long blinded the eyes of the public, and that merit like mine, when more generally known, will no longer languish in neglect, or complain of the contempt it at present labours under; hoping also, that every allowance will be made for that *modest diffidence*, which has, through the tenor of my life, so peculiarly marked my character.

Nothing more need be said of my birth than that I came *up* stairs into the world; being born in an *underground* cellar, where my mother sold oysters for the accommodation of the gentry in the neighbourhood; but one night being sent for to a tavern in her professional line, and being a woman who never lost sight of the *main chance*, industriously conveyed away a silver tankard through the window, to a friend waiting to receive it, but not so dexterously as to avoid detection; for which piece of ingenuity, she had the honour of taking a trip, at his majesty's expence, to Botany Bay; since which all correspondence ceased between us. As to my father, I cannot exactly say who he was; my mother, when interrogated by the

parish officers, declaring, with her usual candour, it was a point she could not speak to with precision, of course was not *sworn*. Being left thus early in life to my fate, the cries of hunger, and my infant state, moved a gentleman to compassion, and procured my admission to a charity school; where I made so great a proficiency (having a natural taste for letters) that my capacity was extolled to the skies, and I was looked upon by all as a boy, that one time or other must come to something.

At the age of fourteen, my master, who used to employ me in little domestic occupations, was called to London, for a few weeks, on some chancery business, and being a favourite, took me with him. To do him justice, he shewed me as much of the town, as time would admit of, and guarded me against its vices; but one morning calling to me, with tears in his eyes, observed—" that though learning was a good thing, yet a good *trade* was a better;" saying I was now old enough to shift for myself, so put five shillings into one hand, and two brushes and a blacking ball into the other, and dropping me at the Mewsegate, bade me an everlasting adieu. In this post of honour, I remained several months, vociferating, with the rest of the fraternity,—" *black your honour*,"—with sound lungs, and good emphasis. At length the melody of my voice attracted the notice of a well-known gambler, who to brushing his shoes, conferred the additional honour of brushing his coat; in short I was raised to the dignity of his footman. In this sphere I lived easily and happily. It was my place to wait for him every night at the gaming houses, where I formed a circle of very *genteel* acquaintance, being no other than the footmen of the several gamesters, and men of rank and condition who frequented the house; and which fully proved to me the force of the old adage, that " death and the dice level all distinction." In this situation I improved rapidly. Whilst nobles, and members of the house of commons, were setting whole fortunes on the cast of a die above stairs, we, their vassals and dependents were loudly declaiming against bribery and corruption below, and became such able politicians, and sound patriots, to prove to a hair's point, that without reformation the nation stood on the brink of ruin. But these patriotic principles of mine carried me a little too far; for observing a trinket fastened to a watch chain of one of my brother skips, on which was engraved round the head " *the man of the people*," I took the opportunity of his falling asleep, and snatching at it rather too hastily, the jerk, from the fob being deep, waked him: and had not my master interested himself with a nobleman, his *acquaintance*, very warmly in my behalf, this exploit would have terminated in *following my mother*.

After my discharge, it is true my master received me kindly, but not without reading me many a *moral* lecture on my imprudence.

dence. "Tim," he would say, "you are a lad of *parts*, nature has been bountiful to you in the endowments of your *mind*; it is truly noble; but you have struck into the wrong road. What, a pilferer! A despicable picker of pockets! No, no, my boy, this will never do! There are lines to be observed that mark the *gentleman*, and the man of *honour*. Why I myself prey on the follies of mankind; my wheel of fortune runs, as you well know, on the four aces, or the cast of a die: but then I hold my head above water, dress like a gentleman, keep a livery servant, and dukes and lords are my intimates and friends. I *pick their pockets*, it is true, and, in the opinion of the *vulgar*, the *mode* may by no means alter the *principle*: but who shall call my *honour* in question? No one shall *dare* to do it, whilst this weapon graces my thigh, and I have an arm to wield it. No, whilst I live, I will support the dignity of a gentleman!"

With this he took a theatrical strut across the room, drew his sword scientifically, gave two or three flourishes, carte and teirce, gracefully, made a lunge at the fire-skreen successfully, and returned it into the scabbard peacefully; and indeed it is owing to the precepts of this *great* and *excellent* man, that I am indebted for the figure I have since made in life.

But it pleased Heaven to cut short all his honourable pursuits in a moment. Suspicions arising of foul play, he had recourse to that very sword, on which his honour depended, for his defence, and having less skill than his antagonist, a hot headed Irishman, was run through the body.

My grief on this occasion was inexpressible, and as duty compelled me to sit up the ensuing night with the corpse, I thought the opportunity not to be let slip of making myself heir to all his valuable effects; and as a corpse could not catch cold, and a removal of trunks might alarm the family, I bundled all into the sheet that covered the body, and got clear off with the booty. My master's moveables consisted of two good suits of cloathes, a great coat, watch, ring, snuff box, sword, and a few guineas in cash.

As to linen, he did not burthen himself with such an incumberance, his washerwoman supplying him with a clean shirt, &c. at so much per diem, and as she had plenty of customers, he was never at a loss. I now began to think it time to set up for myself; and having deposited my bundle in a safe place, purchased a good second hand portmanteau trunk, in which I stowed a very few articles, bricks and straw excepted, and calling a hackney coach, drove to a noted inn in the city, as a gentleman just arrived on law business, from the country.

Here I called about me, ordered good dinners, dropped into company with the frequenters of the house; played now and then a game at billiards for a bottle of wine, or a sneaker of

punch, with a view of improving by *practice*, and as I generally met with more expert players than myself, my losings, being liquors, were all scored at the bar, and sometimes got the loan of a few shillings for coach hire, seldom having any *loose silver* about me. At the end of a month, the waiter attended with my bill, which I very graciously received; saying I would call on my banker in my way to my attorney, and discharge it at my return. This I never intended; but to avoid suspicion, left my portmanteau, not forgetting to glean it first of its contents, the bricks and straw before mentioned excepted. This practice of putting up at different inns I continued for near a twelvemonth, assuming different characters, 'till I began to be known, and so accurate a description given of my person in the public prints, that I found it necessary not only to change my plan, but appearance; and as a fertile invention could not be long at a loss, being a little dapper fellow, I got bolstered up into a poor woman *big with child*, and collected near fifty pounds from the charitable and humane, in separate half crown subscriptions, being the exact sum *petitioned* for,—" to take out the *certificate* of my *marriage*, that I might procure admission to the *lying-in hospital*." But one day a gentleman's butler having made rather too free with his honour's cellar, and handling me a little too lovingly, my big belly unfortunately fell to the ground, my sex was discovered, and I had the honour to take the air for a month in Tothill-fields bridewell, beating hemp all the time for the benefit of health and exercise, and lastly to be publicly whipped as an impostor. Here also the good natured mob pitied my case. Almost fainting from the smart strokes of the whip (for they were well laid on), and in a burning fever from exertion, I was prescribed a sousing deluge, by way of *febrifuge*, from a neighbouring pump, and the ceremony concluded with a refreshing *cold bath*, in a horse pond. As this disaster had given my features a cast of the *dismals*, I turned *death hunter* to one of the newspapers; but, mischievously killing a gentleman in a duel, that only existed in the fire of my own fancy, and throwing some aspersions on the character of his adversary, and the circumstances, a warm prosecution was entered against the printers; and after being compelled to beg pardon on my bare knees, and acknowledging myself a *liar* and a *scoundrel* in the several daily prints, was kicked out of their employ as a disgrace to the office.

But here fortune favoured me; like a tennis ball, I rose higher from the rebound! For another printer, a fine, active fellow! whose spirit bade defiance to the pillory, engaged me as *paragraph* writer to a new paper on the eve of seeing light. Never shall I forget the *eclat* with which our first publication was received! We dashed on—" *thundering in the capitol*"—but not " *With all the mouths of Rome to second us.*" For

Messieurs

Messieurs—"*Undoubted authority*,"—"*Current report*,"—"*It is confidently asserted*,"—"*From intelligence to be relied on*,"—and the rest of the damned tribe of newspaper correspondents, leading us into some cursed mistakes, our paper got nick-named the Lying Intelligencer, so if we had not tacked about, and stuck a little to plain truth, we had been completely *dished*. Here too, I had taken on myself the department of *theatrical critique*. This did pretty well; it introduced me to some of the under performers, who frequently procured an *order*, or as the term now is *bonus*, to admit me to the upper boxes, when the managers wanted the aid of company, to shew off a thin house: this civility I rewarded with a flaming *puff*. Others again paid high for a lift into fame; but those whose real merit set them above such paltry aids, I never failed to bespatter without mercy, which was usually returned with a filip by the *nose*, or a kick in the *rear*.

But one time happening to insert a severe criticism at random, not being near, or seeing any one from the theatre that evening, the play advertised, from the sudden indisposition of a principal performer, had been laid aside, and another substituted in its room: the players abused, availed themselves of this circumstance in their favour, and—"*Cry havoc, and let loose the dogs of war!*" or, in other words, the pens of all the paltry scribblers in town were pointed against us. As I had written the *critique* merely to indulge my own rancour, a quarrel took place between me and my employer, and I was a second time kicked out of a printing-office in disgrace.

Having imbibed a taste for the stage, I bade adieu to the quill, and commenced *strolling player*. With what joy I beheld—"*Richard, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage*," in large capitals posted on a barn door, transformed, for the occasion, into a receptacle for the muses. On my first appearance, the audience received me with their wonted good nature; but not altogether relishing a broad Yorkshire dialect, I brought to London, and could never get quit of, my *debut* was but luke-warmly received. This I sensibly felt; and willing to make one grand effort for their favour before I *breathed my last*, gave such a spring when I *died*, that the whole company, as with one voice, bawled out *encore!* This I unluckily mistook for a mark of approbation, and willing to please so judicious a people, gave (forgetting I was a *dead* man) a second spring. This increased the clamour and my agility, for I sprang up a third time, when I fell to *rise no more!* and to my extreme mortification, found I had lived to die three times to the hisses and groans of the audience.

Here I finished my theatrical career; and willing to tread in the steps of my former great master, enlisted among the *black legs*; but in this art, I found I was not the adept I had flattered myself.

myself. I contracted debts my *honour* could not satisfy, and the gamesters would not play upon *tick* any longer. Many tavern writs too, were out against me, but I fought the *shoulder touch* pretty well, never being *nabbed* but once. Many schemes were on foot to find out my lodgings, but here I *nicke* them all; sleeping every night in a brothel, tricking the waiter, and keeping my wardrobe under close cover at a *pawnbroker's*.

London not agreeing with my finances, I had a mind to try what benefit the country air would produce; and have been attempting at gleaning the watering places, by piddling with half crowns at a billiard table; but my intended game all turned out to be *shy cocks*, whose looks cried *smoke him*, and I seldom got a *pigeon* to *pluck*. The elections too, turned out to no better account, for having no vote either to give or *sell*, I had nothing but the strength of my lungs for the success of the poll, and as I could huzza! with the loudest, dropt in for some of the good cheer.

Now, Mr. Editor, I consider every man of wit as my brother, and as you deal largely in wit, *modestly* hope you will consider me as a brother also; a soul *congenial* with your own. Follow my advice, and by my means, your fortune shall be made! If you have a wish for a large dish of *scurrility*, neatly garnished with some high peppered *personal abuse*, I am a cook for the palate; or I will plunge you deep into a flaming hot *paper war*, in the twinkling of a sky rocket. Never be afraid of *squibs*, my brave fellow; I will engage for it, that every shot of mine shall *tell*. Or if you have a mind for a swinging cut, *slap dash*, at the ministry. I will get your head popt into a *pillory* in a trice. But these matters should be left to private discussion, and I own I ought to have paid you my respects personally, but this cursed *modesty* of mine, ever has, and I fear ever will prove the bane of my rising greatness. However I will endeavour to make amends; and as I shall be in your neighbourhood, will frequently drop in about two o'clock, and do myself the honour to partake of a bird and a bottle with you, or a beef steak, and a glass of homebrewed; I am no way particular, not being one of those vulger beings who voluptuously live to eat, I only wish to eat to live.

So, 'till I make my bow personally, have the honour to subscribe myself,

Mr. Editor,
Your friend at all points,
TIMOTHY TRICK'EM.

Crewkerne.

A Pedestrian Excursion, performed across the Pyrennees from Bagneres de Luchon, in South France, to Venasque, in Spain.

(Concluded from Page 1034.)

FOUR decayed walls, with a fire-place in the middle, which made the smoke circulate before it found an outlet through the roof, was all that could be afforded for our accommodation; indifferent bread and goat's milk were the only provisions; and rough stone benches were the only beds the inhabitants could spare for their guests. To make the adventure still more romantic, our guide began to question the safety of the place. He asked the woman (for he thought with Rousseau and Ledyard that the fair sex is the last to lose the feelings of humanity) if she could assure us, by the holy virgin, and her conscience, that they would not murder us? It was in the dusk, and we had still twelve miles to walk, through desert rocks to Venasque, the first city in Spain. On this road it was still more doubtful, whether we should escape danger. We therefore resolved to stay, and arranged our plans; relying more on some smugglers who were now expected, than on the holy virgin, whom the woman had invoked as a testification of our safety.

In the mean time the company increased; and in less than an hour it consisted of deserters, hunters, smugglers, ass-drivers, shepherds, and botanists. We kindled a fire of rhododendron alpinum, the only fuel known here; and then every one took forth out of his store what was requisite for the sustenance of life, and without which, heroes and deserters, smugglers and botanists, are nothing. One took a piece of dry bread, another took a piece of raw meat, which he more singed than roasted, over the fire; the third took an egg; the fourth took a live frog, which he broiled, and then devoured it with the avidity of a stork! During all this, the Spaniards spoke not a word; and the woman let her infant suck a goat, which, accustomed to this manner of milking, willingly offered the udder to the babe. As the provisions, so was the conversation; a strange mixture of Patoir, French, Spanish, and Danish. Night at length came on, and every one had to look out for a sleeping-place. Happy he who had a jacket to rest his head upon! I slept very little, for filth and cold, and a stone couch, agree but ill with one who is accustomed to French luxury. Among the guests assembled in the cottage, was a hermit, from Eremitage d'Artrique Telline; he intended, the next day, to attend a solemnity at Venasque; and as we were rather exhausted by the fatigue of the day past, we agreed with him to make use, by turns, of his mule. At three o'clock the caravan was set in motion.

The

The country through which we passed was singular. If on the top of Penna Blanca, it was a forth-coming world, it was here a world passing away. Huge remnants of mountains, mouldering fragments of rock, withering trees, dilapidated cottages, precipitating and destroying cataracts, these were the objects with which we met. It appeared as if the covenant of life with organized nature had expired. Men were fled; seldom was there seen even a hovering lorous pysphocorax*; and every where death sat enthroned on the ruins of life! At seven o'clock we were in Venasque; a rich, yet miserably built city; with a fortress that is defended by seven soldiers and a governor; but which, according to Ramon, was once the capital of a king, who, when angry, could raise 100 men.

Before we reached the city we passed several batteries, some of which were constructed in places that seemed almost impregnable; and if the Spaniards acquired no glory by defending them, yet they deserved our admiration in the construction of them. The city was crowded with people, who were assembled to celebrate a solemnity to the honour of St. Martial, formerly bishop of Limoge, and now the guardian patron of this place. There being here no public inn, we had recourse to a merchant, who had been recommended to us from Bagneres.

Seeing, from our letters of introduction, that we were honest people from Denmark, he admitted us to lodge in his house; but he seemed afterwards to regret this accommodation, when he and his ladies discovered that we did not believe in Maria sanctissima. We were, however, invited to attend the solemnity, which began with a procession the most ridiculous that can be imagined. First came a great troop of men dressed in dark, all covered with those black nets commonly used in Spain; then followed a great number of young boys, continually whiffling on small pipes, like those which are given to children for fair-presents; now were seen four stout fellows, with a saint on a hand-barrow; next came a choir of some tall ill-looking persons, who were called students, and who constitute a kind of seminary for clergymen; these were followed by the chief saint himself, on a throne, surrounded with every kind of insipid trimmings, and ceremonies alike tasteless to the eye and the ear. After him came the whole body of the clergy; consisting of the bishop, from Saragoza, and a great multitude of priests and monks; of whom some really resembled Fitz-James (the famous ventriloquist, at Paris), who, to mimic one of the fraternity, wept with one side of his face, and laughed with the other.

* These birds (which build in deep caverns), were sometimes our guides, when, on our excursions, we were doubtful of our way; for, as in the morning they fly from these caverns, so at night they return to them.

other. The ladies of the city, and its environs, terminated this motley procession. At times they stopped, and bawled forth some insupportably monotical and disharmonious chorusses; wherever they proceeded, every spectator uncovered his head, and strewed, as a kind of incense, poppy and lovage, those offensive plants, before the saint! In this order they marched round the city, and returned after the lapse of one hour. Mean time, we had taken our station in the church; where, as did all the rest, we kneeled down when the saint passed us. We had soon reason to repent of our curiosity; and I must confess, though Lichtenberg is often right, when he says, "that the body kneels when the mind rises," we could not here invert this position, and say, that the mind rose when the body kneeled. For the crossing of the bishop, the *Deus vobiscum*, the hand-kissing of the priests, the incensing and kneeling, were repeated to the utmost disgust; and even the most ardent adorers seemed to grow weary in the faith, in proportion as their knees grew sore.

At length a monk ascended the pulpit; and delivered a discourse, that lasted one hour and a quarter, of which I understood very little, and under the operation of which the most zealous kneelers and crossers fell asleep! Even a young peasant, with a *cow-stupid-staring* mien (as Baggesen says) who stood at my side, and bravely smote his breast, and, when he did not smite, crossed himself, felt the effects of the oratory of the monk. When this preachment was ended, again we were entertained with incensing, crossing, the blessing of the bishop, the bawling of the students, noise from the organ, and, at length, the long wished-for amen. Without the church we happened to witness a scene of a more amusing nature. All the shepherds and peasants from the surrounding country, with their women, assembled on an open place, where a national ball commenced, as soon as the solemnity had closed. In the midst of them a drummer and a bag-piper were sitting, to whose music they danced. One, who led the dance, began by walking round a large circle with continual gambols, and rattling to the measure of the music with castanets; having finished the circle, he was joined by another, and so on 'till all the dancers were on their legs; now each of them took his female partner, who, instead of castanets, made use of her fingers for marking the measure of the music. There was in all this no great display of art, but their motions were very graceful, and some of the men rattled the castanets with admirable skill. The dresses were rather interesting, and the young women full as handsome, but not so sprightly as those on the French side.

The next morning we returned by the same way to the *hospice*; turning, however, to the right, to go through Port de la Picade. This passage rises to the same height, but has not so

much snow as Port de Venasque. The weather was so fine, the sky so serene, and the prospects so charming, that the most peevish Heraclite must here have found the world delightful. Reaching the pass, we had yet a mountain on our left, which obstructed the prospect towards the west. This we climbed: and now we looked over a pile of mountains, strangely heaped upon each other. Among them Maladetta rose the highest, the greatest, the most inaccessible; the sun shone on its magnificent ice, which reflected the rays with unspeakable splendour. But on its highest summit the snow was stronger than the sun, which was not capable of melting it, consequently not of producing an icy ocean, a phenomenon only to be met with on the lower heights of the mountains. We here stood on a ridge of the rock, which forms an admirable barrier between the two countries. It is in many parts so narrow, that if the Heraclite were here to indulge his gloomy mood, the tears from one of his eyes would flow with the waters of the Garonne into the Atlantic ocean; while those from the other would join the Ebro, and fall into the Mediterranean. Not far from this place we saw a small stream, descending from one of the sides of Maladetta towards the frontier mountains; here it finds a hole, where, like a Proteus, it slips in and appears again on the other side of the mountains, as one of the principal sources of the Garonne.

Entering the French territory we met a bear-hunter, who complained that he had found no game. We accompanied him for a while, but, he finding no traces, we soon left him. Shortly after our conversation, however, he shot a very large bear. On a finely inclining slope we walked through numberless flocks and herds, by the fertile Valle d'Aran, towards our home. In four hours we reached Castelvieil, and shortly after our lodgings, where the landlord and his nine daughters waited, with true Pyrennean curiosity, for the rarities which we were expected to bring.

———g.

October 6, 1806.

Copy of a Bill of Fare at a Sicilian Coffee-House.

[Extracted from a Letter from an Officer, dated Palermo, September 10.]

IN the absence of news, I transmit you, as a curiosity, the bill of fare, or rather the price current of the coffee-house here. I assure you, M. Geraci prides himself greatly (you will see how justly) upon the profound knowledge he has displayed in it of the English language.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the coffee-house of M. Francis Geraci in Centorinara's-street, num. 98, at Palermo, a company of four people, served with three dishes of meat and poultry, eight dishes of sausage, cheese, olives, fruits, green, &c. for desert, bread, and two bottles of table wine, will pay six dollars.

If the people were more than the said four, every person exceeding that number will pay one dollar.

A company of four people served with six dishes of meat and poultry, sixteen dishes of sausage, cheese, olives, &c. for deserts, bread, two bottles of wine, a dish of sweet-meats, ice, and coffee, will pay ten dollars; and any person exceeding that number will pay two dollars.

If the company would have more things than the above-mentioned, they will pay according to the following prices.

Lionell-wine, port-wine, Canaries-wine, Malaga-wine, &c. half a dollar for every bottle.

Moscato-wine, and Malvassi-wine (these are sweet wines), two shillings a bottle.

A large cup of coffee, with milk and sugar, six pence.

A little cup of coffee, with sugar, one penny.

A glass of ice of any kind, six pence.

A cup of chocolate, six pence.

Biscuits, half a penny each.

A dish of sausage, one shilling.

A bottle of Rosolio, of Fagioli, of several kinds, half a dollar.

A small bottle of Rosolio, of the same Geraci, one shilling.

Those people then, which will have a dinner as before has been mentioned, must advice the said Geraci at least one hour before, in order that he could dress it, so they must leave some money, in order that in case they should miss their engagement, the said money will remain to Geraci to amend for the loss he will suffer for the dinner left him.

Palermo, Sicily, September 10, 1806.

On the Soil, Climate, Laws, and Religion of Sweden.

THE kingdom of Sweden, comprising the duchy of Finland, is very extensive, and is bounded by the Baltic Sea on the south; the impassable mountains of Norway on the west; Lapland on the north; and Muscovy on the east; extending from 56 to 69 degrees of northern latitude, and from 31 to 55 in longitude. The habitable parts, however, bear but a small portion, comparatively with the whole, as the woods, heaths, morasses, and lakes, some of which are near eighty

miles long, and twenty broad, cover a considerable part of the country.

The soil generally is but very indifferent; in some places, however, it is capable of being cultivated, so as to be rendered tolerably fruitful, but no where does the loam lie above half a foot deep. Husbandry therefore is less difficult than in strong lands, and it is the common practice of Sweden for the farmer to employ his daughter, or a female servant, in ploughing the land, assisted by a single ox yoked to the plough. In other places, where the land is barren, they have recourse to a very singular expedient to enrich the earth, and to produce vegetation; they first clear the land, and having gathered together all the wood growing thereon, they burn it 'till it becomes ashes, then mixing their seed with the ashes, they spread it abroad upon the face of the land, and it produces a plentiful crop, without further cultivation. This practice is very ancient among the Swedes, and their writers say, that the name of the country is derived from a word in their language, which signifies this custom: it has, however, of late, been much done away, from the ill consequences likely to result from destroying the woods, and laws have been passed to restrain the practice. On the whole, agriculture is neglected, and without great importations of all sorts of grain from Germany and elsewhere, the inhabitants could not subsist; indeed, so improvident are they, that the poorer classes are obliged to mix the bark of the birch-tree with the little corn they have in the making of bread, to keep them from actual want and privation. Their cattle too, are small, and exceedingly lean, for want of proper fodder; in winter they are half starved, and it is no uncommon thing for the country people to unthatch their hovels, to feed their stock upon, as the only means left of keeping them alive.

With respect to climate, Sweden is equally singular, and a French wit once said of it, "that in Sweden there was but nine months winter, and all the rest was summer;" this, in point of fact, is the case, for as winter begins very soon, so summer immediately succeeds it, and leaves little or no space to be called spring. Nature is, however, alike bountiful to all, and vegetation is much quicker here than in other parts, for the oil and sulphur in the earth, being bound up all the winter, are on a sudden actuated by the warm sun, which almost continually shines, and brings to maturity the fruits of the earth, with an inconceivable swiftness. The heat of the sun is so intense, that it often sets fire to the woods, and spreads for leagues, destroying every thing in its way, 'till stopped by some lake or wide extended plain. When the sun is at its greatest height, it is above the horizon of Stockholm eighteen hours and a half, and for some weeks makes a continual day; consequently in winter they have not more than five hours and a half light;

yet

yet this is in some measure obviated, and the deficiency supplied, by the brightness of the moon, and the whiteness of the snow; so that travelling at this time of the year, and on this account, is more frequent by night than by day. As to the cold, the people appear unconscious to a degree; they are well clad without doors with warm furs, and within amply supplied with fuel and stoves.

The laws of Sweden are very few, and one code governs the whole kingdom; yet they are conceived in such general terms as to be very defective; this is the more remarkable, as the Swedes have generally been admired for their wisdom in apportioning the punishment with so much justice to the nature of the crime committed. Treason, murder, adultery, and witchcraft, are punished by death, which is effected by hanging the men, and beheading the women; though criminals of the gentry and nobility are usually shot to death. Theft is punished by perpetual slavery, and the criminal has an iron collar fixed round his neck, to which is suspended a bell, that rings as he labours. Duels are punished by death to the survivor, and infamy to the memory of both. If neither are killed, they are imprisoned for two years, kept on bread and water, and obliged to pay a heavy fine previous to their enlargement. Estates descend to children in equal proportions, of which the son takes two parts, and a daughter one; nor is it in the power of the parent to alter this proportion without judicial intervention.

Their religion is strictly Lutheran, and is paid considerable attention to, all orders of men agreeing in a constant attendance on divine worship, and a zeal for their own way, without any nice enquiries into the disputable points or tenets of other churches, whereby it becomes the duty of the preacher to persuade the practice of piety, rather than to oppose the doctrines of others, or to defend those of the establishment. The church is governed by one archbishop and ten bishops, who never interfere with matters of state. These are chosen invariably from the sons of peasants and mean burghers, educated and bred at the expence of government, whose business it is to search out such youth as are likely, from their apparent acuteness and early dawning, to become men of learning and wisdom, through the assistance of a classical education.

The Swedes in general are of a robust and vigorous constitution, inured to labour, and contented with coarse fare and hard lodging. Their common soldiers endure cold and hunger to admiration, but they learn their duty very slowly, and are serviceable, more by their obedience to command, and standing their ground, than by any forwardness to attack their enemies, or address and enterprise in executing their orders; but the nobility and gentry are naturally men of courage, and of a warlike temper, graceful in deportment, and inclined to value themselves

themselves at a high rate. The characteristics of the Swedes are grave, even to formality; sober, more from necessity than principles of temperance; suspicious and envious of each other; and inclined to secret fraud and pilfering than open acts of criminality and violence.

The country abounds with timber, and silver, copper, and iron mines, which produce considerable wealth to the state. Their chief commodities in trade are copper, iron, pitch, tar, all sorts of wooden ware, train oil, dried fish, &c. but they are most famous for their copper, which is better than in any other part of the globe.

ACCOUNT *of the* SOCIETY *of* TRANQUILLITY.

AMONGST the numerous measures that have been, from time to time, adopted with a design to improve the condition of the people, we are extremely happy to congratulate the public on an attempt that is now making to establish an institution, better calculated to combine and direct the united efforts of the whole population to this object, than any plan that has yet been proposed.

It has long been considered among the real misfortunes of this country, that a highly liberal and benevolent spirit has prevailed throughout all ranks of the community, without having made any considerable progress in the accomplishment of its designs. Philosophers have bestowed great attention, the affluent have expended vast sums, and the poor have acknowledged their obligations to the full extent; but no means have yet been devised capable of reducing the number of our poor, or of sufficiently marking the distinction between that poverty which arises out of misfortunes, and that which results from an habitual course of profligacy.

He must have been a very inattentive observer of passing events, who has not seen that a train of evils, connected with this subject, are very fast approaching, and that unless some new course be very shortly taken, all our benevolent institutions will be overwhelmed in the trouble and expence that attend them.

The number of charities has now so greaty increased, that the select class of persons upon whom the management of them generally devolves, can scarcely be said to have any other business, and their labours have become so inconvenient, that the rising generation does not seem prepared with a race of successors willing to fulfil the same duties, in case providence should call those liberal spirits to receive the rewards it has to bestow upon them.

It has now become very common for persons to decline any interference in liberal improvements, not upon the ground of the expence, but of the trouble that they are attended by, and such a disposition cannot become very prevalent without abandoning all our benevolent establishments to the guardianship of mere mercenaries, who having lost all the spirit of the respective institutions, except the amount of their own salaries, will long tantalize the people with the name of benevolence, after the reality has departed.

Under those circumstances, we cannot imagine a more suitable institution than one that shall greatly reduce the number of our charities, by affording the people an opportunity of making a very large provision for themselves; and it is with much pleasure we have learned, that since the office of tranquillity has been opened, great numbers of the labouring people have declared their determination to subscribe to the fund for old age, as soon as the trustees of the institution shall be formed. In this plan, we recognise a spirit of real liberality, which affords the tradesman, who can lay by ten pounds per ann. and the pedlar who can scarcely spare sixpence per week, an equal opportunity of appropriating his means for his future benefit. This plan gives every man an opportunity of preserving his independence; and if there should be some too indolent or too profligate to take advantage of the occasion, neither their indolence nor their profligacy will lessen the benefits to those who avail themselves of the means. The institution cannot fail to meet with the approbation of all classes; and we hope that the intelligent and affluent will chearfully render it any assistance that may be required to secure its general adoption.

On CRUELTY *to* DUMB CREATURES.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

PERMIT me through the channel of your Entertainer to make a few remarks on a crime, which, I fear, on enquiry will be found practised in this country to a degree almost unparalleled in any other. The evil I allude to is the cruelty wantonly inflicted on dumb creatures; 'tis admitted we have degerated very much of late years in this particular; and doubt not but it will be as readily allowed by all the worthy part of our country, that means may, and ought to be devised, to check this growing evil; our present statutes are not sufficiently comprehensive; as they relate more to the injury suffered by the owner, than to the cause of humanity; the principal of which

was

was passed in the reign of George the First, at a time when Christian benevolence approached nearer to its divine original, in general, than it does at present.

There are many who conceive that dumb creatures are not objects of mercy with the Almighty; how unfounded must their conceptions be, when one of the reasons given by himself for not destroying the city of Nineveh was, because "there were also much cattle in it." And Solomon emphatically classes people of this description amongst the wicked, in the following words, viz: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." The scriptures abound with the mercies of God to the brute creation, and 'tis unreasonable to suppose he does not expect it from man; if further proof is necessary, I would refer the reader to the 22d chapter of Numbers, 32, 33, and part of the 34th verses. "And the angel of the Lord said unto him, Wherefore hast thou smitten thine ass these three times? behold I went out to withstand thee, because thy way is perverse before me. And the ass saw me, and turned from me these three times: unless she had turned from me, surely now also I had slain thee; and saved her alive. And Balaam said unto the angel of the Lord, I have sinned."

I have long been surprised that the different societies for suppressing vice and immorality have not turned their thoughts towards regulating this; when in almost every street their feelings are insulted by acts of the most cruel and brutal ferocity; there is nothing they have done, nor any thing they can do, in my opinion, more likely to be accepted by that Being, who has declared, "that to him only who shews mercy, shall mercy be shewn."

I have reason to believe the time is not far distant when it will come before parliament, and doubt not but the same humanity which induced them to abolish the slave-trade, will be conspicuous in relieving the brute creation. In the mean time much may be done, by showing a general contempt of such conduct, and recommending the masters to discharge those servants who practice it, both on the score of interest and humanity. Custom has led the world from the earliest ages, both in vice and virtue; the former has frequently been changed from its aggravated deformities and ruinous defects being exposed, 'till fashion has discarded it as singular in practice.

A FRIEND to HUMANITY.

Barrack-street, Plymouth-Dock, 1806.

LORD KENYON's MONUMENT.

A Splendid monument has been lately erected in the parish church of Hanmer, in Flintshire, Wales, to the memory of

that truly great character, the late Lord Kenyon. It is of the usual pyramidical shape, and is divided in height into nearly two equal parts; the lowest is occupied in the centre by a projecting pedestal, containing the following dignified and most appropriate inscription—

LLOYD LORD KENYON,
Baron of Gredington, in the county of Flint,
Lord chief justice of England.
In the execution of his high and important
Magistracy he was eminently distinguished
For learning, discernment, firmness, and
Integrity;
Not only was he qualified to administer the
Laws with Fidelity, Promptitude, and
Vigour, but as the
Guardian of the public morals,
To instruct, admonish, and reform;
For
The authority of his station, great and
weighty,
In itself, was strengthened, graced and dignified, by the religious
simplicity of his own character
And the untainted purity of his
Habitual Conduct.
Dear to his Family,
In every office and relation of domestic life
He has left a name to which
They look up with affectionate and honest
Pride,
And which his country will remember
With gratitude and veneration
So long as her happiness and her glory
Shall continue to depend
On the great and united principles of
Religion, law, and order.
Born October 5th, 1732, O.S.
Died April 4th, 1802.

On the right hand of, and adjoining the pedestal, is a spirited figure of watchful justice with the libra and unsheathed sword. On the left hand, is a beautiful figure of religion, bearing the cross and book of life, opened in Proverbs at the verse, "The memory of the just shall be blessed." From the top of the pedestal rises a gothic niche, from which a grand curtain is supposed to be thrown back, discovering a sitting figure of his lordship in his parliamentary robes, and though small, is esteemed a very great likeness. The whole monument is of fine white marble; and the figures are in high relief.

Answer, by J. S. of Exeter, to Horatio's Enigma, inserted October 20.

YOUR enigma, Sir, if I am right,
Means HUNGER, or an appetite.

☞ We have received the like answer from T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to J. Horsey's Rebus, inserted October 27.

BATH, the resort of fair and gay,
Will your fam'd city right display.

† Similar answers have been received from J. Whittle, of Upway; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; G. A. F. Arden; J. Ryan, and B. Belcher, of Stonehouse; J. Woodman, of North Curry; Anna Dyer, of Manadon House; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; Thomas Coumbe, of St German's; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; T. Scadding, of Wellington; J S. and H. Stoneman, of Exeter; H. Glasson, of Praze; R. Gidley, and P. Codd, of Dean Prior; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; J. Whitnell, of Ashcott; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; John Lewis, of Poole; M P. M. of Marazion; J. Badcock, of Mousehole; and J. Rowden, of Heytesbury.

A REBUS, *by J. Lewis, of Poole.*

A Flower cull from Flora's train;
And next a tree you will explain;
Thirdly, a fruit I'd have you find;
A garden root then bring to mind;
But one thing more must next be told,
That is more valuable than gold:
The initials if you rightly frame,
A fish you certainly will name.

A CHARADE, *by Ann Dyer, of Manadon-House.*

A Foreign mountain first expound;
Search holy writ, for there its found;
And if my second you'll declare,
You'll find it, Sirs, to be a snare:
Con then these simple parts, and try,
I think they'll name a loathsome fly.

A CHARADE, *by H. Stoneman, of Exeter.*

WITH delight my first I walk in,
There to hear the warblers sing;
To enjoy a pleasant morning,
And the beauties of the spring.

On my next the great Creator
Oft his bounteous hand bestows;
All the boundless works of nature
Are subservient to his laws.

View my whole in peaceful village,
Or sometimes in lonely cot,
With no thoughts engraved on pillage,
He's contented with his lot,

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

BUMPER TOASTS.

A Set of brave lads, in conjunction, one day,
And whose bosoms corruption ne'er brib'd;
Propos'd (a good creed) to sing, laugh, and be gay,
And whim, mirth, and good humour subscrib'd.
'Twas carried *nem. con* glowing ardour inspir'd,
Patriotically forming a band;
Constitution and king, impulsively, fir'd,
And, in unity, join'd heart and hand.

Resolv'd—One immortal, the presence should grace,
'Twas the rosy, plump planter divine;
With golden curl'd locks, round his carbuncled face,
Clust'ring grapes most luxuriantly twine.
Enthron'd here he sits, 'midst a bacchanal rout,
The bright juice sparkling flush from his tun;
"Our sov'reign's" the toast—push the bottle about,
And in claret w'll drink down the sun.

"To the queen, and Prince George!" Fill up to the brim,
"To brave York too," commander in chief.
So each royal branch shall in loyalty swim,
To the Corsican's terror and grief.
Th' ambition we feel in an Englishman's boast,
Courage, honour, and wealth it defines:
Our bulwark of credit enriches our coast,
And fair commerce in safety reclines.

Unaw'd by a threat, to their vaunting blockade,
We'll from mouths of our cannon reply;
With brave Russia laugh at mere French gasconade,
Drink—"Success to our friend and ally!"
In council delib'rate, in tactics profound,
No foul treach'ry here op'ning a door;
That valour inherent, that once forc'd the Sound,
Shall new sinews to traffic restore.

Can a despot then frighten a nation so brave?
Or invade our just rights dare attempt?
A blood-letting tyrant free Britons enslave!
From base fear noble minds are exempt.
From outrage and carnage whole nations sustain,
Encrimsoning half Europe in gore;
Humanity bleeding at every vein,
We "the tight little island" secure.

The genius of Britain's loud thunder shall roll,
Hurl'd by Mars, her protector and shield;
Oppression her dignity's bound to controul,
And her Neptune his trident doth yield.
Britannia's proud oak spreads for freedom her boughs,
Laurell'd vict'ry the branches entwine:
Bright honour the chaplet binds firm on her brows,
And her eye beams with virtue divine!

Crush'd

Crush'd liberty's banner her spear shall uphold,
Horrors, murders, and rapine shall cease;
On her arms sit the fates, whose tablets unfold,
A dove oliv'd with plenty and peace,
The sword of ambition shall sheath at her nod,
The usurper yet bend to her sway:
Ravag'd countries desponding (delug'd in blood),
Shall re-bloom at her voice, and be gay.

In glory and honour all nations surpass,
We our rights o'er the waves will maintain:
"To our stout wooden walls!" replenish the glass,
"To our bold and brave tars on the main!"
A Briton's the *stuff* where true courage is found,
Rich in triumphs by land and by sea;
"Our brave fleets and armies!" with victory crown'd,
Toast in bumpers, and with three times three!

Crewkerne, December 15. S. G.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The TWO FROGS.

[From ESOP.]

WHEN summer-suns illum'd the sky,
And every naiad's urn was dry,
In warm pursuit of pond or brook,
Two parching frogs a journey took,
And, after a long and sad excursion,
Chanc'd on a spot for their immersion—
A tempting well—but then so deep,
The doubtful reptiles fear'd to leap.
"Bless me! (cried one) this spring appears
"The best I've seen these many years;
"And tho' 'tis deep, 'tis wise to share
"Its treasures unmolested there."
"True friend, (his brother frog replied)
"But should *this* spring be also dried,
"With all our skill I rather doubt,
"We should not easily *get out*."

In all affairs, however small,
Precaution thus should govern all;
And chiefly ere you pillet honey
From the deep cup of matrimony,
Lest clogg'd your wings should chance to be,
And then—farewell to liberty.
Would you be blest, this counsel keep,
And wisely "look before you leap."

Village-Hill. EDWIN.

On UNHAPPINESS.

WHAT plague is greater than the grief of mind?
The grief of mind that eats in every vein:
In every vein that leaves such clods behind,
Such clods behind, as breed such bitter pain.
So bitter pain, that none shall ever find,
What plague is greater than the grief of mind?